

## TALMAGE.

### Congratulatory Letters From Notable People

### To the Great Brooklyn Divine on His Birthday.

### The Sunday Sermon at Brooklyn Tabernacle on "The Looking Glass of the Gospel."

### The Mirror Reflecting Mankind's Deeds on Earth Whether for Good or for Evil.

### The Laver in Which is Shodded the Right and the Wrong of Motive and Action—The Light of Divine Law.

BROOKLYN, JAN 18.—A few days ago Dr. Talmage received, on his fifty-third birthday, a testimonial through the Brooklyn Magazine containing over a hundred congratulatory letters from distinguished people, such as Secretary Frelinghuysen, from the Department of State; Dr. Prime, of New York; Dr. Storrs, Henry Ward Beecher, John G. Whittier, General Hancock and W. T. Sherman, Senators Sherman and Colquhoun, Lord Butler, of Dublin; Martin Farquhar Tupper, Emma Abbott, and others. Dr. Talmage has asked the press to convey his hearty thanks for their kindness. Philip Phillips says in his letter: "Arriving at New Zealand, the first literature that met my eyes as I entered a large bookstore in Auckland was 'Dr. Talmage's Sermons, a penny each.' Even in the remotest land, Australia, the Southern Cross and other leading papers of the colonies are telling of salvation as delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle." John K. Porter, the great jurist, writes: "No one else can send through an audience like him the magnetic thrill which penetrates the heart like lightning. He reaches with every sentence the popular intelligence, heart and conscience. Full as I appreciate the more boundless grandeur of Dr. Talmage commands in his own grander profession, I can not refrain from thinking that a mastery he would have over courts and juries, if it had happened to him to belong to ours." An English correspondent in the same collection says: "Seven papers in London here profess to publish his sermons, a regularly and Ireland, throughout which country he is universally beloved and respected, even a larger number of periodicals produce his discourses to their readers. It must also be remembered that these periodicals, which circulate of course more extensively throughout Great Britain, have thousands of regular readers in all the British provinces, such as Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Australia. At all the bookstores in London, Liverpool and the large cities of Great Britain his sermons are always for sale and find many purchasers, one publisher in London informing me that he has sold more than 30,000 copies of Dr. Talmage's bound sermons annually. In Ireland his sermons are read more extensively than those of any living preacher, and the journals having the largest circulation are in every case those that give space to the publication of his discourses."

### THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON TO-DAY WAS: "The Looking Glass of the Gospel."

The opening hymn was:

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from the veins of Jesus;  
 The text was Exodus, xxxiii, 8.

And he made the laver of brass and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling.

We often hear, said Dr. Talmage, about the gospel in John, the gospel in Luke, and the gospel in Matthew, but there is just as surely a gospel of Moses, and a gospel of Jeremiah, and a gospel of David. In other words, the gospel is really the same in the Old Testament as in the New. When the Israelites were marching through the wilderness they carried their church with them. They called it the tabernacle. It was a pitched tent, very costly, very beautiful. The framework was made of forty-eight boards of acacia wood, set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the place were purple and scarlet and blue and fine linen, and were hung with precious stones. The candlestick of that tabernacle had shaft and branch and bowl of solid gold, and the figures of cherubim that stood there had wings of gold, and there were lamps of gold, and censers of gold and tons of gold and rings of gold; so that skepticism has sometimes asked: "Where did all that precious material come from? It is not my place to furnish the precious stones; it is only to tell that they were there."

I wish now, more especially, to speak of the laver that was built in the midst of that ancient tabernacle. It was a great basin, from which the priests washed their hands and feet. The water came down from the basin in spouts, and passed away after cleansing. This laver or basin was made out of the looking-glasses of the women who had frequented the tabernacle, and who had made these their contribution to the furniture. These looking-glasses were not made of glass, but they were broken. The brass was of a very superior quality, and polished until it reflected reality. The features of those who looked into it. So that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text did double work—it not only furnished the water in which the priests washed themselves, but it also, in its shining, polished surface, pointed out the spots of pollution on the face which needed ablution. Now, my Christian friends, as everything in that ancient tabernacle was suggestive of religious truth, and for the most part positively symbolic of truth, I shall take that laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text as all-suggestive of the gospel, which first shows us our sins as in a mirror, and then washes them away by divine ablution.

Oh, happy day, happy day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

THE ONLY TRUE MIRROR.

I have to say that this is the only looking-glass in which a man can see himself as he is. There are some mirrors that flatter the features and make you look better than you are. Then there are other mirrors that dis-

figure your features and make you look worse than you are. But I want to tell you that this looking-glass of the gospel shows a man just as he is. When the priests entered the ancient tabernacle, one place at the blemished side of this laver showed them their need of cleansing; so this Gospel shows the soul its need of divine washing. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we like sheep have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us." That is another showing. The world calls these defects, imperfections or eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or "wild oats," or "high living," but the Gospel calls them sin, transgression, filth—the abominable thing that mirrors that made. Every one of us, wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and that made David cry out: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;" and that made Luther cry out: "God be true, though it should make every man a liar." I am not talking about bad habits. You and I do not need any Bible to tell us that bad habits are wrong; that blasphemy and evil-speaking are wrong. But I am talking of a different nature, which are not thought as well as all bad actions. The Apostle Paul calls their roll in the first chapter of Romans. They are a regiment of death, encompassing and every heart holding it in its grasp from which nothing but the grace of God can deliver it.

Here, for instance, is ingratitude. Who has not been guilty of this sin? If a man sends me a glass of water, and I do not drink it, but I keep it for ten thousand years, that is every day receiving from the hand of God, how little expression of gratitude! For this I asked, for hunger, fed, for shelter, and sunning and sound sleep and clothes to wear—how little thanks! I suppose I have been fifty years of age who have never yet been down on their knees in thanksgiving to God for His goodness. Beside that, I am grateful to God for the things which he has not felt it. Pride that will not submit to God; that wants its own way—a nature that prefers wrong sometimes instead of right; that prefers to wallow in sin instead of to be washed clean; that will not let me go, I am not going to quarrel with an angel or any man who makes pretensions to holiness. I do not care whether you call it "total depravity" or something else. I simply make the announcement that I am not going to quarrel with an angel or any man who makes pretensions to holiness. I do not care whether you call it "total depravity" or something else. I simply make the announcement that I am not going to quarrel with an angel or any man who makes pretensions to holiness. I do not care whether you call it "total depravity" or something else. I simply make the announcement that I am not going to quarrel with an angel or any man who makes pretensions to holiness.

LAVES OF LOOKING-GLASSES.

If you could catch a glimpse of your natural heart before God you would be all amazed and alarmed. The very first thing this gospel does is to cut down our pride and self-sufficiency. If a man does not feel his lost and ruined condition before God he does not need the Gospel. The very first thing that there are so few conversions in this day is because the tendency of the preaching is to make men believe that they are pretty good. It is not so. The Gospel is a little bitting up, a few touches of divine grace and then you will be all right—instead of proclaiming the broad, deep truth that Payson and Baxter and Whitfield thundered to a race that was not good. The Gospel is a little bitting up, a few touches of divine grace and then you will be all right—instead of proclaiming the broad, deep truth that Payson and Baxter and Whitfield thundered to a race that was not good. The Gospel is a little bitting up, a few touches of divine grace and then you will be all right—instead of proclaiming the broad, deep truth that Payson and Baxter and Whitfield thundered to a race that was not good.

A FRESH SALVATION.

Suppose a time of war should come, and I could show the Government that I had been loyal to it twelve years ago, would that excuse me from taking an oath of allegiance now? Suppose you ask me about my physical health, and I should say I was well fifteen years ago, would that excuse me from being the Gospel of Jesus Christ comes and demands present allegiance, present fealty, present moral health; and yet how many Christians there are seeking to live entirely in the past experience, who seem to have no experience of present mercy and pardon! When I was on the sea and there came up a great storm and officers and crew and passengers all thought we must go down, I began to think of my life insurance and whether, if I were taken away, my family would be cared for; and then I thought, is the premium paid up? and I said yes. Then I felt comfortable. Yet there are many who, in religious matters, are looking back to past insurance. They have let it run out and they have nothing for the present, no hope nor pardon—falling back on the old insurance of ten, twenty, thirty years ago. If I want to find out how a friend feels toward me I go to the drawer and find some old yellow letters written to me ten or twelve years ago? No, I go to the letter that was stamped the day before yesterday in the Postoffice and I find how he feels toward me. It is not in regard to old communications we had with Jesus Christ, it is communication with Him to-day and He is not in sympathy with us? Do not spend so much of your time in hunting in the wardrobe for the old worn-out shoes of Christian profession. Come and shed the glittering robe of Christ's righteousness from the Savior's hand. You say you were plunged in the fountain of the Savior's mercy a quarter of

a century ago. That is nothing to me. I tell you to wash now in this laver of looking-glasses and have your soul made clean. Notice also, in regard to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, that the priests washed both hands and feet. The water came down in spouts, so that, without leaving any filth in the basin, the priests washed both hands and feet. The laver of Jesus Christ must touch the very

EXTREMITIES OF OUR MORAL NATURE.

A man can not fence off a small part of his soul and say: "Now, this is to be a garden in which I will have all the fruits and flowers of Christian character, while outside it shall be the devil's common." No, no; it shall be all garden or all something else, or all hell. He is a very good man, except in politics." Then he is not a good man. A religion that will not take a man through an autumn election will not be worth anything to him in June and August. They say he is a useful sort of a man, but he overreaches in a bargain. I deny the statement. If he is a Christian anywhere, he will be one in his business. It is very easy to be good in the prayer-meeting with surroundings kindly and blessed, but not so easy to be a Christian behind the counter where by one skillful twitch of the goods you can hide a flaw in the silk so that the customer can not see it. It is very easy to be a Christian with a psalm-book in your hand and a Bible in your lap, but not so easy when you can go into a shop and false the cash register and come out with a good deal of money. It is very easy to be a Christian at a cheaper rate in another store so that he will sell them to you cheaper than he can afford to sell them. The fact is, the religion of Christ is all-pervasive. If you rent a house you expect full possession of it. You say: "Where are the keys of this house?" If I pay for this whole house I want possession of these rooms." And the grace of God when it comes to a soul takes full possession of a man or woman and takes no possession. It will run in every room in the heart, every room in the life, from cellar to attic, touching the very extremities of his nature. The priests washed hands and feet.

I remark further that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text was a very large laver. I always thought, from the fact that so many washed there, and also from the fact that the laver was made of looking-glasses, that it was a very large laver, and so suggestive of the gospel of Jesus Christ and salvation by Him.

VAST IN ITS PROVISIONS.

The whole world may come and wash in the laver and be clean. I do not think of a single passage that says a small sinner may be saved, but I do think of passages that say a great sinner may be saved. If there be sins only faintly hued, just a little tinged, and I tell you that you and I are all sinners, there is no special pardon promised in the Bible for those sins; but if they be glaring red like crimson, then they shall be as snow. Now, my brother, I do not state this as a doctrine, but as a fact. I merely say this to encourage that man in this house who feels he is so far gone from God that there is no mercy for him. I want to tell him there is a good chance. Why, Paul was a murderer, he assisted at the execution of Stephen; and yet Paul was saved. The dying thief was saved. It was a vast laver. Go and tell everybody to come and wash in it. Let them come up from the penitentiaries and wash away their crimes. Let them come up from the almshouses and wash away their poverty. Let them come up from their graves and wash away their sins. If there be anyone so worn out in sin that he can not get to the laver, let him take hold of his head and put your arms around him, and I will take hold of his feet, and we will plunge him in this glorious Bethesda, the vast laver of God's mercy and salvation. In Solomon's Temple there were ten lavers, and one molten sea—this great reservoir in the midst of the temple filled with water—these lavers and this molten sea adorned with figures of palm trees and oxen and lions and cherubim. This fountain of God's mercy is a vast molten sea than that. It is adorned, not with palm-branches, but with the wings of the Holy Ghost, and around its great rim all the race may come and wash in the molten sea. I was glad to hear that a certain man, who was a very thirsty and standing at the head of his army, had brought to him a cup of water. He looked up upon his host, and said: "I can not drink this; my men are all thirsty, and he dashed it to the ground. Blessed be God, there is enough water for all the host—enough for Captain and host. Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely; a laver broad as the earth, high as the Heavens and deep as hell."

But I notice also in regard to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, that the washing in it was imperative and not optional. When the priests came to the tabernacle you will find this in the 30th chapter of Exodus—God tells them that they must wash in that laver or die. The priest might have said: "Can I wash elsewhere? Can I wash in the laver privately? I want me to wash here." No matter whether or not you have washed before, God says: "Wash in this laver or die." But says the priest: "There is water just as clean as this anywhere." "Wash here," says God, "or die." So it is with the Gospel of Christ—it is imperative. There is only this alternative—keep our sins and perish, or wash them away and live. God says: "Wash in this laver or die." I have made more ways to Heaven than one? I do not know but He could have made half a dozen. I know He made but one. You say: "Why not have a long line of boats running from the river to the sea? I can not say, but I simply know that there is only one boat."

ONLY ONE BOAT.

You say: "Are there not trees as luxuriant as that on Calvary—more luxuriant, that had neither buds nor blossoms; it was stripped and barked?" Yes, yes; there have been taller trees than that and more luxuriant, but the only path to Heaven is under that one tree. Instead of quarreling because there are not more ways, let us be thankful to God there is one—name given unto men whereby we can be saved—one laver in which all the world may wash. You see what a ranting gospel this is. I do not know how a man can stand so coldly and present it, for it is such an exhilarating gospel. It is not a mere whim or caprice; it is life or death; it is Heaven or Hell. It is a gospel that says: "If you have a present in your hand. You put your hands behind your back and say: 'Which one will you take?' In one hand there is a treasure, in the other hand there is not. The child blind choice. But God, our Father, does not do that way with us. He spreads out both hands and says: 'Now, this shall be very plain. In that hand are peace and peace and life and the treasures of Heaven; in that hand are punishment and sorrow and woe. Choose for yourselves.'" He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned. O, my dear friends, I wish I could this moment coax you to accept this Gospel. If you could just take one look in this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text you would begin now spiritual ablution. You will not feel inclined, will you, when I tell you that you are a lost soul without pardon? Christ offers all the generosity of His nature

to you to-day. The love of Christ—I dare not toward the close of my sermon begin to tell about it. The love of Christ! Do not think to me, in regard to this, that it is deeper than that. I would like to do it when I die. Let me paint this and die! He comes along weary and worn, His face wet with tears, and His brow crimson with blood. He is leaning on Calvary for you. No, I mind nothing was broken up for you, as that. A stone on Calvary would have made a soft pillow for the dying head of Christ. Nothing so comfortable as that. He does not lie down to die. He stands up to die in this laver. He does not want to embrace a world, Oh, what a hard end for these feet that have traveled all over Judea on ministries of mercy. What a hard end for these hands that have wiped away the sweat of the world. He does not want to die in a hard end. O dying Lamb of God! And yet there are those here now who do not love Thee. They say: "What is all that to me? What if Him? Come around this way, old man, help Thee down from the cross. The soldiers will come and they will tear Thee down from the cross and put their arms around Thee and lower Thee into the tomb. But they will not help. They will not help. O dying Lamb of God! And yet there are those here now who do not love Thee. They say: "What is all that to me? What if Him? Come around this way, old man, help Thee down from the cross. The soldiers will come and they will tear Thee down from the cross and put their arms around Thee and lower Thee into the tomb. But they will not help. They will not help. O dying Lamb of God! And yet there are those here now who do not love Thee. They say: "What is all that to me? What if Him? Come around this way, old man, help Thee down from the cross. The soldiers will come and they will tear Thee down from the cross and put their arms around Thee and lower Thee into the tomb. But they will not help. They will not help. O dying Lamb of God! 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